

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME XXXIV.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1905.

NUMBER 8

Published every week.
\$1.00 a year, in advance

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Entered at the Post Office New York, N. Y.
as second class matter.

Practice What You Preach

Have you any plan or notion
As to how this world should run?
Have you made a great commotion
Showing how it may be done?
Do you live as you've directed
In the good things that you teach?
And to questions you're subjected,
Do you practice what you preach?

It is laudable, I'm sure,
If you're any worthy plan
That, in time, may help secure
Future happiness for man.
But if you believe your teaching
(Please believe it, I beseech)
You would better give up preaching,
Till you practice what you preach?

Any one can talk religion,
Any one can talk reform,
But that person's name I legion
Who can stand and face the storm;
You will find in every instance
That your arguments will reach
To a somewhat greater distance
If you practice what you preach.
—Leslie's Weekly.

Little Dorothy

Tired and brain weary, Mark Sterling opened the hall door, and passed quietly up the gloomy staircase. He wondered at the darkness, but supposed that his worthy landlady, indulging in a customary afternoon gossip with her next-door neighbor, must have forgotten to light the gas.

The December day had drawn to its brief close, and the air, even here in the warm house, was cold and drump. He opened the door of his sitting-room and passed in. There was a bright fire burning, and the dancing flames played fitfully upon the walls.

It was something more than the typical lodging-house room. Books with that air of companionship they seem always to possess lay scattered about. An open desk, with an untidy sheaf of papers and any number of pens, gave a hint of the occupation of its owner.

Mark took a step or two towards the fire and then stopped short at something he saw there. Seated in his own particular arm chair—a deep, capacious affair, in which he had often sat to struggle with the details of a complicated plot, for Sterling was a writer—was a child.

As he drew nearer he could tell by her gentle breathing that she was fast asleep. The dark lashes of her closed eyelids rested peacefully upon her cheeks. A half smile parted the rosy lips and showed the gleam of pearl-like teeth between. One hand was gloveless and rested on the arm of the chair, and a tangle of warm, brown hair framed the sweet, oval face, too pale for robust health, yet far from being sickly. Altogether there was something so appealing and helpless in her attitude that Sterling, gazing at her, felt a queer little throb of pain and pity.

As he watched her for a moment in silence it seemed to him as if he were gazing on some dimly-remembered picture which the mists of vanished years had half obscured. She reminded him of some child he must have known when he himself was no more than a child. It seemed cruel to awaken her, and yet what was he to do? He must find out who she was, how she came there, and what she wanted.

He coughed gently once or twice, and in a moment or two the child opened wondering, sleepy eyes, that gazed round the room with surprise, but nothing of fear in them. Then she seemed, after a moment's doubt, to remember and understand, sliding off the chair she stood before Sterling.

He had not been able to guess her age exactly, but now he saw that she was older than he had at first thought—8 years at the least.

"I must have fallen asleep," she said, looking up into his face with wide-open, confident eyes. "It was very silly of me, but the fire was so warm and I was tired."

"It does not matter, little one," said the writer, in his kindly way, as he lit the gas. "And now, my dear," he added, "will you tell me what I can do for you?"

She did not for a moment reply. She looked suddenly shy and nervous, and the sweet, sensitive color flooded her pale face.

"I went to the theatre first," she said, "but they told me you had gone home, and they gave me your address. The landlady let me come up and said I might wait, as you would not be long."

Sterling looked puzzled for a moment, then a light broke upon

him, and he could have taken the child up and hugged her. She must have seen his advertisement for a little girl to play a part in his Christmas piece. What a fortunate chance! Here she was before him, the very child of his dreams, so far as appearance was concerned.

He had been almost in despair. He had seen and tried the ability of some dozens of children, but not one of them, either in looks or in any other respect, had fulfilled his wants. But this child—if only she could act.

When he had first commenced to write his play he had not intended to make the part of the child so prominent, but as he had proceeded the whole play had weaved itself, almost against his will, round the child, who formed the pivot of the plot.

"So you have come in answer to my advertisement?" he said, sitting down on the arm of the chair. "Come nearer, little girl, and let me look at you."

She came forward now, with no longer any shyness in her face or manner.

"And do you think you could play a part in a piece upon the stage?" he asked.

The little girl put up her hands with an excited movement.

"I am sure I could, sir. My mother has taught me to act ever so many charades and things like that, and I have had to read to her a lot, because she has not been very well lately, and I have tried to amuse her."

The child had a sweet, clear voice, and articulated every syllable in a way that delighted Sterling's sensitive ear for language.

"And does your mother approve of your taking part in a play?"

"The child's eyes dropped and she lowered her head."

"She does not know anything about it," she said. "She has been very ill for some months, and—"

Suddenly the child broke down and a flood of tears came to her eyes. But before the other could do anything to comfort her she regained her composure with more than childish self-control.

"I am a very silly little girl, and I don't know what you will think of me," she said; "but it seems so wrong to keep anything from mother. But I did not want her to know anything about my coming to you unless you engaged me, for she might have hoped that I should get it, and have been very disappointed if I had failed. You see, we are very poor, and ever since mother has been ill we have been poorer than ever. I heard her say the other day that it was hard to make both ends meet."

Sterling could have smiled at the old-fashioned gravity of the child had he not realized the tragic side of it. He noticed that she looked scrupulously neat and clean and was as fully, though poorly, clad.

"I must do something for her, even if we can't give the part," he decided. And then he told the landlady, who at that moment entered to apologize for her temporary absence, to bring in an extra cup with the tea, and over that merry meal he obtained the child's story.

It was a common enough one—an heroic woman, striving with all her strength to earn by needlework sufficient to keep herself and her child from starvation. When at last he dismissed the child, he told her to come to the theater the next morning at 11 o'clock.

He sat back in his chair when she had gone, weaving dreams in silence and picturing many things that might have been but were not.

He and Wilkinson, the manager, who was running the theatre where his play was to be produced, tested the child's ability the following day, and little Dorothy Smith came out of the ordeal with flying colors.

"We wanted a child who possessed a soul," remarked Wilkinson, "and we have found one. We could have taken our choice from any number of children who would have learnt the lines perfectly and have faithfully followed our instructions. But this little girl is something better than a marionette."

"You think she will do, then?"

"You, I think so; though it would have been safer, perhaps, to have given the part to Miss French."

Sterling raised protesting hands,

He had a distinct and unhappy impression of that frisky young actress. Conversant as he was with theatrical metamorphoses, he could not picture her made up to resemble the dear child, everybody's friend, which he had drawn with such loving care.

The rehearsals progressed apace, now that the last part in this Christmas piece was filled, and Boxing day, which was to see its production, drew near.

Mrs. Smith had given permission for her child to act, and had sent a grateful message to Mark Sterling and the manager. But she was still very ill, the child said, and glad for that reason alone, perhaps, to let Dorothy accept the engagement, since if she proved successful it would tide them over an unfortunate period.

Boxing night came and found Sterling in a perfect fever of excitement. The play went well from the very beginning. The theatre was crowded with a good-tempered holiday audience, who were ready with appreciation and applause.

Dorothy was a little nervous in her first scene, but before very long she gained confidence, and her sweet, childish voice fell upon a hushed and silent theater, and her acting was so charming, so natural and unforced, that her success was quickly assured.

It was a sympathetic and pretty part she had to play—that of a child who brings together two people who have been parted by want of confidence on one side and pride and misunderstanding on the other. Something of the author's own life-story had crept into the play, and he had written the scenes in which the child took part with genuine power and pathos, as the frequent and hearty applause of the audience testified.

There was one long, last scene which would test the youthful actress's power to the full, and just as it had started a message was brought to Sterling, who was standing by the wings. Some one wished to see Dorothy at the stage door. Her mother had a relapse and was taken seriously ill. She had better come at once.

For a moment Sterling was at a loss. The child would not be off the stage for 20 minutes. He thought of the fate of his play, of the people who had invested their money in it. He could not have the curtain rung down. What should he do?

He quickly decided. Sending a message to Wilkinson, he dashed into a hansom, and told the man to drive his hardest to Dudley Street, Bloomsbury, where Mrs. Smith lived.

He did not quite know his object in going. But it had occurred to him that, as the child could not at once obey that summons, it was his duty to come forward in her place and explain how impossible it had been to deliver that message.

In the hall he met the doctor, who had just come down stairs.

"I am glad you've not brought the child," he said, in answer to Sterling's inquiries. "These silly women imagined that my patient was going to die. It was nothing but a prolonged fainting fit, the outcome of weakness. She is better now, and has been on the mend for some days past."

Sterling had never felt much relief in his life.

"Could I see her?" he asked.

The doctor looked at him.

"You will not excite her?"

"I promise not to."

"Then you may go up," he said.

Sterling quickly ascended the stairs, and entering the poorly furnished room went across to the invalid, who lay back on the white pillows with closed eyes. They opened suddenly and fell on Sterling, as he stood there, half afraid to approach. They opened, and then a look of recognition, of wonder, of love, came to them.

"D-nis," she said, in a voice that thrilled with joy, faint though it was, "is that you, or am I still dreaming?"

Sterling himself brushed his hand across his forehead as one in a maze. Then, recovering himself, he made a sign to the sleepy attendant to leave the room, and when she had gone he came up to the invalid's bedside.

"Marion," he said gently, "it is

no dream. It is I, your husband."

"I did not think that we should ever meet again," she said, in a fluttering whisper.

"Are you sorry?" he asked.

"Sorry?" she echoed. "Ah, you don't know the number of times I have prayed for this."

"And I have yearned for you, my darling, as well."

"Then why did you leave me?"

"I was mad, sweetheart—mad with outraged pride and wounded self-esteem. I overheard some foolish words spoken by two careless friends. They said it was common talk that I had married you because your father was a rich man and you his only child and heiress. You know, dear one, that there was no truth in that? I married you because I loved you. But I realized then for the first time what opinion others might hold of me. I was an idler in those days, with nothing at all of my own after I had extravagantly spent all that I possessed. I was living on the income your father generously allowed us. I had been dreaming a fool's dream; those malicious words stung me awake."

"I took an oath to myself that I would leave you and never seek you again until I could afford to support you as my wife and in a manner you had always been accustomed to. I saw how wrong it was, how almost wicked of me, to have married you when I had nothing but my love to offer. I would go away, I told myself—would go to England and remain there until I had won some prize to bring back and offer you."

"And through all these years I have been faithful to my vow. I had not thought that fortune would be so long in smiling upon me, or I might not have had patience. But my weary penance will end to-night if my play is a success."

"Your play? Then you must be Mark Sterling?"

"That is my pen name. Denis Clavering is not known in England."

"And you never guessed when you saw Dorothy?"

He started to his feet with a cry. "Guessed what?"

"That she was your child—our child."

"Heavens! Poor, ill-clad, and you—" he paused and looked round the shabby room. "What does it mean? Your father was a rich man—I left you in his care. Surely he did not fall you?"

"Not willingly. But his business declined, affairs went wrong altogether, and when he died three years ago he died a poor man. I came to England after his death, changed my name to that of Smith—I could not bear to be known by your name since you had deserted me—and have remained in London ever since."

Bending down by the side of his wife's bed, Sterling covered his face with his hands. He was sunk in an abyss of self-contempt. He realized now that his desertion of his wife had been beyond defense, beyond forgiveness. And he had thought it the most honorable—the only thing to do.

They had been married no more than a few months, he argued; he would punish himself by letting her go back to her father's care until he had retrieved his extravagances and had won some position that should enable him to come back and claim her. It had seemed almost heroic at the time, but he saw now that it had been utterly contemptible in reality.

He rose to his feet and looked down at the sweet, pale face, made lovelier in his eyes by years of sorrow.

"There are some wrongs that one would hardly dare to ask forgiveness for," he said, slowly.

She raised her eyes to his and gazed at him tenderly.

"There are none between you and me that I could not forgive," she said. "Let us face the future once more hand in hand, if you wish it so."

"Then you can forgive me?"

"A woman can forgive anything in the man she loves," she answered, softly.

At that moment a little figure bounded into the room, and giving one astonished glance at the visitor ran over to the bedside.

"Dearest mamma," she, placing her arms round her mother's neck,

"there never was such a beautiful night. Oh, I do wish you had been there. You would have enjoyed it. There were crowds and crowds of people, all of them shouting and clapping, and Mr. Wilkinson took me on before the curtain, and there was more shouting and clapping. And, dearest mamma, are you better?"

The invalid smiled an affirmative. Suddenly Sterling remembered the doctor's caution about disturbing his patient.

"We must not excite mamma," he said to the child. And then he added, in lower tone, to her mother, "Tell her; I cannot."

"Dorothy," said the woman, in her tender voice, "you remember that I have often spoken of your father—that stay-away father who lives such a long way off that he can never come to see us, though we have both longed for him so often? He has not been so far away as we supposed, dear. I did not know until to night, but this kind friend of yours here, Mr. Sterling, is your father."

The child turned wondering eyes on him. There was only a question in them at first, and then a delightful and loving smile flashed into them, and she held out her hands eagerly.

"I'm so glad," she said.

"Honesty is the Best Policy."

If a proverb did not embody a certain amount of wisdom and sound philosophy in a small space it would not receive the stamp of popular approval and usage. The fact that it is a proverb is proof of its merit. It is a noteworthy fact that nearly all proverbs contain rules of moral or prudential conduct. They are practical wisdom, good advice, or sound philosophy condensed into few words and stamped with the approval of thoughtful people during generation after generation.

The first and the greatest President of the United States, George Washington was a farmer. He was nearly forty-five years old before the Revolutionary war began and before he entered on the great career which was to make him known as the Father of his Country. Otherwise, he would probably have devoted all his life to managing his big farm at Mount Vernon, where he was so happy before the war began where, after retiring from public life, he spent the few last years of his life, and died.

In his farewell address to his countrymen, in enforcing the duty of faithfully observing all public engagements, he said: "I hold the maxim to be no less applicable to public than to private affairs that honesty is always the best policy."

If it had not been a good proverb before, Washington's endorsement would have made it good. Suppose we take it for our text this month. It is a good saying and worthy of all acceptance. It is everybody's and everybody feels free to use it. It has done an immense amount of good in the world. It has strengthened many a man in an hour of weakness and saved him from going wrong in a moment of temptation. How often it has happened to men when they were momentarily tempted to do a dishonest act that the fine old proverb has come to their support and they are reminded that father or mother used to say "Honesty is the best policy." Or, if they are not fortunate enough to have had the training of a wise father or mother, they still recall the approved verdict of generations.

There are better and higher reasons why a man should be honest than because it is the best policy. We are all under a moral obligation to do right and be honest. It is a provision of the higher law and an obligation which we owe to our fellowmen as to our Creator. But putting aside for the time being this higher law and obligation, we remark that honesty is the best policy from a purely selfish point of view. It is not only right in itself but "it pays." It pays in the self approval and satisfaction which it brings to him who practices it, and also in the approval of his neighbors and acquaintances. When everybody says of a man, "He is as honest as the day is long," or "His

word is as good as his bond," they are helping to advertise him in his business, thereby making good the proverb that "Honesty is the best policy." But better than this advertisement or the approval of neighbors and acquaintances, is the approving conscience which, when a man goes to bed at night, tells him that in no act of the day has he departed from the line of strict rectitude. Honesty is not only the best policy in the increase of trade and business that it brings in the long run, but it pays big dividends in the way of an approving conscience. In this way it tends to bring sound sleep, to improve the appetite and digestion and to save doctor's bills. It is the best policy in every way and if a man does not recognize any higher obligation to be honest he should be honest because it is the best policy.—*American Farmer.*

THE PRINTER BOY.

About the year 1735, an American boy some nineteen years old, found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who wander about seeking work and are "willing to do anything," because they know how to do nothing; but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do. So he went straight to a printing office, and inquired if he could get employment. "Where are you from?" inquired the foreman. "America," was the answer. "Ah," said the foreman, "from America seeking employment as a printer! Well do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?" The young man stepped to one of the cases, and in a brief space set up the following passage from the first chapter of John: "Nathaniel said unto him: Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Philip of said unto him, come and see." It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful that it at once gave him influence and standing with all in the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer and strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Postmaster-General, member Congress, signer of the Declaration of Independence, ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, April 17, 1790, at the age of eighty-four, full of years and honors; and there are now more than a hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after the same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin, the author of Poor Richard's Almanac.

READY APPROVAL.

The late Dean Hoffman was once called upon to speak at a gathering in the interests of a cause to which he had given much of both time and money. He took the rostrum reluctantly, and began apologetically as follows:

"I am not much of a speaker, friends."

"Amen!" came heartily from a good Methodist not far from the speaker.

Dean Hoffman looked disconcerted, but manfully tried to proceed: "I shall detain you but a moment, friends."

"Hallelujah!" came from the same Methodist.

The Dean proceeded to make a very few remarks with a very red face. He laughed most loudly, however, when it was afterward explained to him that the exclamations of pious gratitude had come from a deaf brother who, able to recognize nothing but the pauses in the Dean's speech, had expressed his approval on faith rather than on hearing.

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Ralph W. Keeler, Pastor of the Goodsell Methodist Episcopal Church, Sheridan and McKinley Avenues, Brooklyn, will hold religious services in the sign language for deaf-mutes, every Sunday afternoon at a quarter past four.

DIE WHEN EXPOSED TO LIGHT.

STRANGE FISH AND INSECTS THAT LIVE IN PERPETUAL DARKNESS.

The cavern beetle was first discovered some seventy years ago in an Austrian cave, the grotto of Adelsberg. One specimen only was caught, and, though its discoverer offered a prize of £5 for another, it was fourteen years before a second was found.

The cavern beetle has a little round body, very long and absolutely no eyes at all. Brought out from its gloomy haunts into the light of the sun, it dies almost immediately. Yet, in its pitch-dark home, far beneath the surface of earth, it moves with as great rapidity and certainty as any of its eyed relatives on the upper soil.

To make up for lack of sight, it is provided with antennae of extraordinary length and delicacy. By means of these it feels its way over the rough surface of the stone and hunts its prey—other smaller blind insects—with great rapidity and absolute certainty.

The cavern beetle has its enemies. The blotrus (a species of scorpion) and the great eyeless spiders hunt it remorselessly. Prince Khevenhuller, who thoroughly explored these caves some years ago, describes it as a most extraordinary sight to watch by the light of a candle a scorpion, absolutely eyeless, hunting a beetle, equally blind, along the cavern wall. Although the beetle was several feet in the front of the scorpion, and divided from it by a fissure in the rock, yet the scorpion tracked it with absolute and almost appalling certainty.

The spider found in these caves is of a lovely ivory white, and is able, like other insects which inhabit the same subterranean depths, to run very rapidly and find its way with as positive certainty as if it had eyes and light to use them. Like several of the others it, too, perishes if taken out of the cave. Sunlight seems to wither and shrivel up these insects, just as though they had been placed in front of a hot fire.

Yet, in spite of this fact, it is known that the blind cave creatures are descended from others which originally lived in the light of day.

An ordinary proof of this is that, though no faintest rays marks the difference between day and darkness in the depths they live in, yet it has been ascertained beyond shadow of doubt that those whose ancestors were nocturnal in their habits still prefer to move about during those hours when the surface of the earth is in darkness.

Numbers of different kinds of fish are known to live in the gloomy rivers and lakes which exist in all large caves.

At San Marcos, Tex., borings were recently made to provide a water supply for some new fresh hatcheries. At a depth of 188 feet a great stream of water was struck, which shot up at the rate of 1,200 gallons a minute. With it came thousands of tiny, shrimp-like creatures, and a large number of curious little, pale-colored reptiles, provided with long tails and each having four legs. These tiny monsters were absolutely eyeless. The only trace that they ever possessed such organs are two little black spots above the nostrils.

A similar creature, known as the olm, inhabits the rivers in the Austrian caves already mentioned. In the depths of the Planina Cave, nearly a mile and a half from the entrance, the olm is most abundant. The waters are fairly alive with them, and when, some years ago, the Archduke Ferdinand paid a visit to this cave, a net was let down and a number of the little reptiles caught for his benefit.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces, and took the changes and chances of this mortal life like men facing rough and smooth alike as it came.—*Charles Kingsley.*

A man may bow to the inevitable without having the courtesy returned.—*Ex.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1654 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00
Not paid within six months, 1.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the lamest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

OUR regular mailing day falls on the birthday of Washington, and to avoid complaint it is this week mailed one day earlier—Tuesday evening. This is also an explanation to correspondents who may look in vain for a production their letters this week. Next week all belated news will be chronicled.

BALTIMORE.

The deaf community were greatly shocked to hear of the untimely death of Mrs. Katie Lee Gebb, wife of Philip John Gebb, which occurred at their home near Mount Winans, Friday morning, February 10th. Besides her husband, she left an infant just two weeks old, which makes the case doubly sad. She was of a kind and sweet disposition, and by her gentle manners won a large circle of friends who sadly mourn their loss. Her funeral took place the following Monday evening and was largely attended. Rev. D. E. Moylan conducted the funeral services and Messrs. James H. Mooney, Adolph Bonhoff, A. Knoechel, E. E. Butterbaugh, A. E. Feast, and J. A. Brandick acted as pall bearers. Mr. Gebb has our heart-felt sympathy in his sad bereavement.

We glean the following item from the Maryland *Bulletin* of last week. "Our new teacher has arrived. She is Miss Theresa Fox, of New Jersey, who has been in training at Mt. Airy. With this addition, the pupils will be conveniently arranged in grades."

J. A. B.

Magistrate Ommen talked with Fingers.

Harry Zinger, nineteen, of No. 284 Madison Street, was held for trial on a charge of robbery by Magistrate Ommen in Essex Market Court today. He was accused by a deaf-mute, John C. Schreuer, a lithographer, of No. 50 Eldridge Street, of knocking him down at Allen and Hester Streets last night and robbing him of \$12.

Schreuer used the sign language to tell his story to the Magistrate, and Magistrate Ommen, who had learned the language when a boy, was able to follow and to converse with him in signs. The victim of the alleged robbery was found lying in the snow, and Zinger was arrested while running away. Asked as to the sign language, Magistrate Ommen said:

"I learned the sign language when I went to school, and while I cannot manipulate my fingers as deftly as the mute works his, I have frequently found it of value in my police court experience."

CHURCH NOTICES.

SEXAGESIMA SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26th.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., 3:15 P. M.
St. Ann's Church, N. Y., Bible Class, 2:30 P. M.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn, 3 P. M.
Holy Communion.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A. M. Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home, 10 A. M.

Good Shepherd Church, Newburgh, 3:30 P. M.

Guild Meeting in St. Ann's Guild Room, Tuesday evening, February 28th. Open to all.

PRESBYTERIAN NOTICE.

MADISON AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
N. E. Corner Seventy-third Street.

Sermon to the deaf by the pastor, Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D.D., every Sunday evening, a. 7:30 o'clock. A cordial welcome to all.

Bible Classes meet at 8 P. M.

Reading Room and Gymnasium open to the members and their friends every Thursday, from 8 to 10 P. M.

GALLAUDET

COLLEGE.

President Gallaudet Lectures.

DUCKS GET FRESH WITH FRESHIES.

News Notes.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 19.—The snow we told of last week lingered upon the ground well into this—even now it is not all gone—and afforded fair coasting and skating nearly up to this time of writing. Toward the last of it the sport grew quite exciting, as daily use had so worn and smoothed the "coast" that the bobs fairly whizzed down the hill, and careful steering was needed in order to make the descent without mishap. One student broke a skee on colliding with a stump in his wild descent, but, fortunately, saved his neck from the same fate. This is probably the last chance for winter sport, as it is much warmer now, the snow is melting fast and it is so late in the season that we can hardly look for more to fall. This doesn't give us much sorrow though. When winter is fairly gone, we shall only cry, "Good riddance! and glad to be shut of you!"

St. Valentine's Day was observed here only by some exceedingly young members of the Introductory Class. These juvenile persons considered it would be a hefty piece of wit to distribute some of those comic penny valentines among the lordly Freshmen. This, we hardly need say, was done anonymously, and with the utmost circumspection. Such a kiddish caper can only be regarded with contemptuous pity, with the not too confident hope that the perpetrators will get over it in time—their youth, we mean.

On Wednesday evening, several of the students went down to the Armory of the Washington Light Infantry Corps to see the wrestling match between Harvey Parker and the local boy, Joe Grant. Speaking of wrestling, we are reminded that those zealots here, whose prophet is McFadden, and whose cry is "Vive la chest-weight, le bar horizontal, et les dumb-bells," have formed the custom of practicing themselves daily in the exercises of their strenuous cult, of which the mat game has lately been made a part. So, any afternoon, at a stated hour, one may see the happy fanatics tugging and wrenching at each other's anatomies with all the fantastic ardor of dervishes.

On Friday evening, President Gallaudet gave a lecture in the college chapel to the assembled students on "An Important Question to be Considered at the Next Hague Conference," namely the right of belligerents under certain circumstances to seize private property on the sea. First, the question—of particular interest, just now from the recent occurrence in the far East of cases involving this very point—was clearly stated and defined by the lecturer; he then went on to give a brief history of the century-old endeavor to bring about a reform in this respect, an endeavor ridiculed at its inception as being impracticable and impossible of accomplishment, the Utopian dream of romantic visionaries, "a beautiful abstraction," but one which constantly, though slowly, gained in strength and supporters until now it has culminated in a wide-spread and powerful sentiment almost everywhere calling for a change in this particular clause on international law. In describing the growth of this sentiment and the various steps made along the road to reform, President Gallaudet told of how the United States had ever been, from the time of Benjamin Franklin and Jefferson down to the present day, among the foremost in advocating the change, and, towards his conclusion, said that even now President Roosevelt is only waiting for the conclusion of the war being waged between Russia and Japan to bring this very point before the next Hague Conference.

On Saturday night a dance was given here by the students in honor of the 1904 football team. The dance was well attended, and went off very enjoyably. Refreshments were served during an intermission. LITERARY NOTE.—We are informed that there will shortly be published a production of absorbing interest from the pen of Malloch, '08, entitled "The Confessions of a Fudge Friend."

The S. N. D. C. is now engaged in rehearsing a play, to be given by the club early in March. All the money obtained by the sale of tickets will be turned over to the G. C. A. A., which is in financial straits this year.

Miss Kilgore and Miss Christal,

'08, have been enjoying a visit from their friend, Mrs. Brues, who was formerly Miss Barrett, a teacher of the blind in the Texas School. Mrs. Brues and her husband are on their wedding trip, and intend to make their home in Milwaukee, Wis.

Miss Hall, '05, is entertaining her friend, Miss Rouse, of Baltimore. The girls of 1904 gave a little party in her honor yesterday afternoon.

On Wednesday, February 22d, the college girls will give a reception to the students and faculty, from eight till ten.

E. Rowse, '06.

Zenoisms.

Did Miss Sullivan make Helen Keller famous, or did Helen Keller make Miss Sullivan famous? Which is it?

I would like to know what relation to Ananias the deaf correspondent has, who claims that Beethoven enjoyed being deaf, and Edison would rather be a deaf-mute than a hearing man.

"The philosopher is not entitled to assume that Nature sympathizes with man; he must prove the fact to be so if he intends making any use of it; we admit no deductions from improved assumptions. In Science, pleasure is not an object, and we give no license."

Much less can we assume that nature sympathizes with a deaf-mute; we have no right to admit deductions, till those assumptions are proved. In dissecting the philosophy of the deaf-mute life, we have no license to drag in the words, optimism, patience, resignation, nor are we privileged to call the investigator "eccentric."

When a college takes a student to an eminence from which roads spread in different directions, the college puts in the young man's knapsack several useful things for his journey, and one of them is clear thinking.

In the case of the young man who wrote: "Zeno is no philosopher. He tells the truth. It is useless to do so"—sentences that qualify each other—a further course in the study of clear vision is recommended.

The same young man informs us that everybody knows five minutes beforehand what Zeno is going to say, which reminds me of Emerson:

"A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across the mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts: they come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say, with masterly good sense, precisely what we have thought and felt all the time."

The wonderful young man is also recommended to put his thoughts on paper five minutes before Zeno does so, or the ghosts of his thoughts will stalk back with an alienated majesty.

"Originality is independence, not rebellion; it is sincerity, not antagonism. Whatever you believe to be true and false, that proclaim to be true and false, even if your friends and all the critics storm at you as an eccentric. Whether the public will feel the truth at once or after long years, no man can foresee; enough for you to know you have been true to yourself."

All right, Mr. Caldwell; it would be a sorry fowl that fouls its own nest.

I had received a letter from him, giving the same substance as that published in the *Silent Worker*. My answer was that it was highly improbable, it could not be proved, that the California *News* had never directed a squib, criticism or attack at me. How then, when the editorial comment appeared just after summer, on the heels of certain theories I expounded for the benefit of the National Association, could I tell whether it was intended for me or not?

To which the excellent editor has not replied.

Revenue and taxation are the pivotal question of all governments.

If a people want to be held in good repute by its neighbors, it institutes a complicated directing machine to show its high scale of intelligence and integrity; builds beautiful cities to prove its culture; casts great cannon to make aggression perilous, all of which costs money.

To get a reputation, the public taxes itself. It cannot get anything for nothing.

The deaf have no reputation. If called upon to raise revenue for a reputation, they pass the buck to the hearing people.

No, Mr. Pach, that won't do.

You cannot get anything for nothing. Even God does not give you a place in the celestial choir, unless you try for it.

Mr. Pach submitted that the National Association is "educating hearing people, legislators and taxpayers."

To exploit yourself at St. Louis for the good of hearing people, legislators and taxpayers, you paid apiece from \$50 to \$250 to be present at the Convention.

You had to pay, eh?

A deaf friend came to me a few days ago in a perturbed state of mind and said that there was a newspaper article in which an eminent doctor classed deaf-mutes with "degenerates."

That is exactly what our notoriety amounts to. We have to run the gauntlet of many schemes, varying from an interdiction on deaf-mute intermarriage to a nameless mutilation to prevent fecundity and chloroforming deaf babies to death to improve the human race. We get red in the face, fass and fume, when the next door neighbor comes in with a newspaper article on one of the above subjects; but all the same we would rather pass the buck to the hearing people.

Show me a nation that possesses neither intelligence nor courage enough to devise a system of self-taxation for the public good, and I will show that it is a degenerate race.

I have a profound respect for a deaf-mute carpenter or bricklayer, for it is in this class that we find that, once a deaf-mute is given a talent, he generally makes a full use of that one talent. There are instances where deaf-mute artisans possessing a third of a talent, will produce two talents.

But a deaf carpenter does not possess a reputation in the sense of that a deaf scientist, writer, architect, or artist does, and the burden of the whole suggestion is reputation for all the deaf.

The theory and practice of taxation is that all members of a community share the responsibility, and it is not oppression or injustice to call on a deaf carpenter to help take up the burden of the deaf.

It is not "shop talk" to discuss drama—to ask why vaudeville shows are so popular, what a motive or problem play is, in what manner the decadence of the interest in Shakespearean plays is a reflex of our commercial tendencies, how Booth or Sir Irving compares with Garrick.

It is not "shop talk" to discuss literature—to ask what books are just out and which authors made a hit. What influences are shaping the American thought; why the West is fast forging ahead in the field.

It is not "shop talk" to discuss sculpture, for it is an art like drama, literature, architecture, and it is an attestation of the highest culture when you find it intelligibly discussed in any polite circle.

In my latest magazine article, I wrote: "Sculpture is not a trade or craft; it is an art that has for its chiefest business the study of Man."

In the same article, I said: "America has not produced a single truly great painter."

Some hearing readers may agree; some may disagree; some may consider the assertion too sweeping, and question whether Whistler and La Farge may in all reason be classed with Raphael, Rubens, Velasquez, Laurens.

Wherever there are such arguments, it may be safely inferred that they are carried on in a spirit of candor that ever accompanies culture—a spirit free of the taint of rancor, malice, or the temptation to apply epithets to the author—such as "unpatriotic," "un-American," "eccentric."

I want to see the same spirit of fairness, when I make this assertion: "The Gallaudet College has never, in the forty years of its existence, produced a single notable deaf-mute."

All communities are "run" by average men of much brightness. It is with those men that an university has to do. Gifted men do not need a college.

Great minds improve a university, and a university never improves great minds. In short, the world improves the universities, and universities never improve the world.

There cannot be one standard set up by the hearing people and another by the deaf.

The deaf were first treated with abhorrence, which could not be wiped out, except at the price of death; next they were allowed simply to vegetate; next they were pitied; next they became objects of professional interest.

To-day, at the beginning of the 20th century, I believed that I see indications that the deaf are beginning to be respected.

It is a mistake to think that because Zola wrote "L'Assommoir," he must be a drunkard; or because Dickens wrote a murder scene, he

harbored the soul of a murderer.

It seems that when a deaf-mute makes a literary effort, he can think of it only in a series of form, like lumber piled in a row on the ground, not of the house as a whole, into which the lumber is to go. Thus, we have Hodgson's anecdotes, Gallagher's "Famous Deaf Mutes," etc., and I am told that a collection of deaf-mute poems is shortly to appear.

We attach greatest importance to what is, or seems to be, beyond our reach.

The deaf-mute stands in greatest awe of the written language, which he acquires by the dint of pitiful efforts, and the pupil who writes the best English, is looked up to as the ruler of the roost.

Is it the reason that we are so inoculated with the fatal satisfaction of having surmounted the difficulties of education, that we do not exert or stretch ourselves more, the poison having sapped our strength, and made us too "crystallized" after graduation for further effort?

Is the English language responsible, or is it just a fancy?

Else, why is it that the deaf-mute earth is strewn with dead leaves of what looked like uncommon promise fifteen or twenty years ago? I mentally name this or that deaf-mute, as I count my fingers: why has a well-composed book, at least, not come from them since then?

I, Zeno, have these many years pondered over deaf-mute matters, for I myself am a deaf-mute.

I decide now and for all time to declare that I am against the word "Combined."

"Combined" is weakness, in that it scatters.

It is diffusion; "oral" is directness.

It is a bundle of any old things; "oral" is unpadding.

It stands on legs of unequal lengths and varying strengths; "oral" is a spike driven straight in the ground.

It is birdshot that hits but brings in small game; "oral" is a bullet that kills the public.

It is a medley of infantry, cavalry, sappers, engineers; "oral" is a stalking-man-hunter that nightly brings in scalps at its belt.

It is the cowardice of a mob; "oral," the cunning of a single-minded man.

"Combined" includes oralism, a fatal admission and a source of debility. It becomes the derision of the enemy.

It puts oralism on the head on one side and publicly condemns it on the other.

I would henceforth lift my voice for the word "Manual." I would henceforth drag in no Greek wooden horse, but push the "manual" into the arena in its resplendent nakedness, unclogged by issues advantageous to its enemies.

The oral system uses signs. I have seen it done so, and you have seen it. In a sign school we can use oralism if we want to, but over the door we will nail the word "Manual." It ought to acknowledge no weakness by needing props or appendages to its name; we can say to the public with splendid inflexibility: "The sign language is our language. What are you going to do about it?"

We are acting too much lately as if we are ashamed of the sign language. If there is any old fogey left somewhere in a corner of the country, who still babbles of the manual system and would have none of the latter day word "Combined," I want to shake hands with him and tell him that I am his friend.

ZENO.

Unusual Attraction, at the Eden Musee.

The Eden Musee, of New York City, is known throughout the civilized world as one of the wonders of a great city, and as an exceedingly interesting high grade amusement place. The collection of Wax Groups has been increased by a number of new figures, which make the collection thoroughly up to date. As a special attraction for the coming few weeks a troupe of Japanese Jugglers direct from Tokio has been engaged. Every performance is marvelous. There are six members in the Troupe, and their dainty feats of juggling are the most difficult and thrilling ever seen in New York City. They appear in the Winter Garden each afternoon at three and evening at nine. In addition to this famous troupe of jugglers a large collection of Moving Pictures has just been received from abroad. In many respects they are the most thrilling and interesting ever shown. They include bits of scenery, feats of skill and dainty arrangements of mystery. Each hour during the day and evening a different set of pictures is shown, and visitors may see as many different sets as they desire. The Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue an interesting feature.

TO LET—Furnished room, with or without board. Deaf-Mute preferred. Address: A. K. Reiff, 664 McDonough Street, Brooklyn.

Edgewood Park, Pa.

Examinations by the principal of the school have been in progress for the past fortnight and as usual the surprises, pleasant and otherwise, are numerous. The most of the pupils seem to enjoy this mid-term probing and we hope it does them good, although by referring to the last number of the *Annals*, some people have not much faith in thus disturbing the tranquility of the classes by too close scrutiny.

Miss Danver, of the primary department, has been absent for some time wrestling with the grip. Mrs. Campbell, formerly Mrs. Crumly, has charge of her class for the present and we wonder if she is glad to have a chance to make a change from the monotony of housekeeping. At any rate the old harness seems to fit and work without galling.

Coasting is a continuous sport at the School with both boys and girls—a very exhilarating pastime in this bracing weather. The boys have a mile-a-minute track through the grounds and "spills" are frequent, and occasionally the sport is changed to grief. One little fellow, Ted Davis, met with quite a serious mishap, in which he was partly scalped. It took a good many stitches to mend his broken head, but he stood the process like a little soldier, and has not suffered much inconvenience on account of the wound. Such accidents don't deter the other boys from indulging in the sport just the same although Miss Brown, the nurse, would be glad to see the ice melt. The track runs right past the hospital, so she can watch what is going on. Oh! well, you can't prevent a boy being a boy with a vim, and it is all the better for him.

William B. Morford, of Talley Cavey, and one of our earliest pupils at Turtle Creek in the seventies, is no more, having died of quick consumption, the latter part of January. He was raised and lived all his life in the country, and was a strong, robust man until just recently, when having contracted a cold, it developed into consumption. Many of the "boys" can remember meeting Mr. Morford, when they had the bicycle craze and used to climb the Talley Cavey hill—one mile and a half long and near its top they could stop at the Morfords, and rest their aching limbs, and have the stomach ache later on, for cherries and strenuousness on hot summer days don't pull very well together. But what could the "boys" do when Mr. Morford and his mother gave them such hearty welcome to the luscious fruit. The passing of our first pupils at Turtle Creek has been rapid, and but few are now left.

Clarence Anderson, of Wilkinsburg, will soon become a citizen of the booming town of Butler, as the department of the Standard Steel Car Company, with which he has been connected, will, in the near future, be located in that place. Mr. Anderson is a car-draughtsman, and has been making good wages, for the past two or three years, and he is inclined to hold on to a good thing, so the little community of Wilkinsburgers will lose one member, but Butler is not so far off he can't run down this way, when he gets lonesome. Too many attractions in Pittsburgh to keep him away very long at a time.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miles out here, have felt much sympathy for them in the loss of their only child recently. They were very proud of the little one and they are learning early in life that our sweetest joys are often the first to be chilled. This, however, only strengthens us to withstand future disappointments or makes us more appreciative of future joys.

Miss Annie Shaddy, who for several months had been living with Mr. and Mrs. Allabough, returned to her home a week ago. Her departure leaves the Allaboughs entirely to themselves, but little Miss Helen is a host in herself and the parents are not likely to suffer from ennui. Miss Shaddy had appeared to be almost a fixture in the Pittsburgh community, so her absence will be noted often without doubt. Perhaps Pittsburgh's soot and general griminess hastened her return to her home, where blast furnaces and rolling-mills and puffing factories are unknown.

Mr. A. Woodside, our near neighbor and the oldest deaf resident of Wilkinsburg, met with painful injuries at the Armstrong cork factory, where he has been employed these twenty-five years and more. He had the misfortune of getting his thumb caught in a pulley and the member was badly crushed and cut. The injuries were dressed on the spot by the company's surgeon and it is hoped he will not lose the thumb although the bone was exposed and it took a good many stitches to gather the parts together. This accident will necessitate his laying off for several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodside have gone to Fairbance, Fayette County, where Mrs. Woodside's mother is lying seriously ill. Should the latter improve, Mr. Woodside will return in a few days. In the meantime Miss Sadie and the boys are running things to suit their own sweet will.

A basket party for the benefit of the Home at Doylestown, will be held at the residence of Mr. Wm. Hedrick's father, on Meade Street, Wilkinsburg, next Tuesday evening, the 21st. A good time is promised.

G. M. T.

ST. LOUIS.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club gave their 23d annual ball on the 4th, at the Anchor Hall, which was largely attended by the deaf and their hearing friends. The ball was somewhat crowded, but as all were friends, this but added to the occasion. The prizes given for costumes worn were about equally divided between the deaf, and the hearing. Of the deaf Messrs. Wolf, Palecek and Mrs. Powers were the fortunate ones.

The Public Opinion held its monthly meeting on the 3d, and Rev. Cloud gave faithful representations of what had happened in the world during the past month.

A reading was given on the 10th, by Mr. Steidemann, taking "The Gunmaker of Moscow" for his subject, a story dealing with the times of Peter the Great, of Russia.

Mr. Beckman returned again to this city from Chicago, after having been at the latter place for several years. His stay here depends upon the chances of work secured.

In the recent *Silent Worker*, Mr. Pach comes down on all fours on a certain writer who signs his initial 'S' to his communications. As Mr. Pach doesn't mention the name of the paper, the writer, who uses that letter, is doubtful if he is meant; but as he has written several paragraphs attached to his St. Louis letters "touchin' on and pertainin' to" that resolution, he will take the chances that he is referred to. The writer uses his initial letter simply because all other JOURNAL correspondents do the same; and as he is one of the latest to join the JOURNAL's staff of correspondents, he did "in Rome as the Romans do."

The remark that the writer "should come out of his cowardly ambush" is uncalled for, since Mr. Pach never asked the writer for his name; and Mr. Pach seems to have forgotten that he used to sign his communications not even with an initial, but a *nom de plume*. It looks as if the corrections the writer made in Mr. Pach's letters had made the latter's "dander rise," with the result of that paragraph. If Mr. Pach still hungers for the writer's name he can easily see it in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, where I signed it for a special reason, or better still get it from his friend, the editor of the paper.

Mr. Pach also seems to have the idea that it was the duty of the Local Committee to watch the proceedings of the convention and be on the lookout for any motions that reflected on them. What a very nice idea! Just as if we could not trust our guests, but must watch them to prevent them from insulting us! We would willingly have watched the proceedings of the first convention, for the majority of us had time to do so. The writer was Gaily one of the first to come and the last to leave the Convention Hall yet, save during the voting, he had not a single hour to himself; and he knows for certain that the members of the committee present were in about the same position. And on the last day of the Convention when the resolutions were passed, the writer, as chairman of the boat excursion, asked all of the Committee he saw to see if all had secured their tickets for the evening. This and other work occupied us all morning. The resolutions were therefore not seen by us until they were printed. This is a statement of the facts of the case. Mr. Pach's version of the cause of the trouble can be somewhat simplified. The photographic concession was bid for by two men. One, having bid more for the privilege, and his samples and prices comparing favorably with the others secured the concession. The other bidder then appealed to the chairman of the Executive Committee and endeavored to have the Local Committee's action set aside, but without success. This is "the long and short and whole of it." Had the unsuccessful bidder been wiser he would have accepted the result in silence and waited for the next opportunity. What matters it if one is an old hand in the business and the other just out of college? Provided he can do the work well, he is equal in that regard to the former.

Mr. Pach in still another paragraph tells the St. Louis critics of the resolution to read Mr. Veditz's letter and retire. We ask him to read Mr. Cloud's in the *Deaf American* of February 2d, particularly that referring to the trouble with the official photographer, and then sit down to think it over.

And another thing about this, Mr. Veditz in his letter said that should a motion be made and seconded to expunge the resolution, he would receive it without prejudice and with due respect. That motion was made and seconded, yet Mr. Veditz ruled it was out of order and refused to do anything else about it.

NEW YORK.

A Surprise Party in the Bronx.

STATUESQUES THIS WEEK.

Brevities.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

It was the same old, old story. She who had, of course, been let into the secret, despatched the unsuspecting one out on an errand, and when he was sufficiently far out of sight, they came up and took possession of his home. It so happened that he had put a new picture in the parlor a short time before, and under the pretext that she wanted to see it, he was sent there to light it up. The moment the gas was lighted, he found the room comfortably filled with friends and relatives, who gave him a hearty welcome.

Making a hasty exit, he made a hurried change of apparel and was soon in their midst again. The gathering was composed of school-mates of the olden time with a few new friends, and all proceeded to have fun. The difference in years was soon forgotten, and young and old shared alike in the games. A little before midnight all went into the dining room, where a light repast, fine examples of the culinary skill of the hostess, were served. Then speeches and jokes were given in which Mr. Reynolds took the cake, with Mr. Thomas a close second and Mr. Elsworth the worst.

Such is what transpired at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Thompson, Prospect Street, the Bronx, on the evening of Saturday the 18th, when their friends came to rejoice with them in the completion of the thirteenth anniversary of their wedded life. With two fine young boys to bless the union theirs has been a most happy one. Those who braved the maze of Bronx streets and trolleys to do honor to the occasion were Mr. and Mrs. C. Vetterlein, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Juhring, Mesdames W. Buhle, H. Tobin, S. F. Fersenheim, Misses Rachel Gantz, Annie Robinson, Helen Powers, the Misses Pearce, Messrs. F. Fernandez, Geo. Reynolds, E. Elsworth and William Lynch, Thompson, and Renner, also several other hearing relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

EVENING ENTERTAINMENT ON FEB. 25.

This will be the first entertainment of the Deaf-Mute Athletic Club has given since two years ago. There will be two shows. First, the Statuesques will be seen, and second a one act farce, "Won by Strategy."

Twelve years ago, Statuesques from the Iliad of Homer, were given under the auspices of the Ida Montgomery Circle, at the Harlem Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, by pupils of the Fanwood School. Many of the younger generation who have graduated from schools and studied ancient history and are familiar with Roman and Greek Heroes, have never seen the statuesques. They should not miss the opportunity of seeing them on Saturday evening, February 25th, this week, not next week, at the Grand Opera House, 309 West 23d Street, Corner of eighth Avenue, in a large lodge-room on the top floor. This entertainment is to be given by the members of the Deaf-Mutes Athletic Club.

The Grand Opera House is easily reached by trolley. Eighth Avenue and 23d Street Crosstown cars pass the door. The 23d Street Stations of the 6th and 9th Avenue Elevated are not far away.

Judging from recent sales of tickets, a large crowd is sure to be present.

Bring your friends with you and come to see the Statuesques.

Mr. E. Elsworth, treasurer, has a few tickets for reserved seats at 35 cents. Write and mail a postal card to his address, 239 West 138th Street, and he will keep them for you at the door.

The Washington Heights Missionary Society will give a series of farces entitled, "A Box of Monkeys," "Two gentlemen in a Fix," and "Sarah's Young Man," in the Guild Room at St. Ann's Church on the third and fourth of March. These performances will be given for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital, Tokio, Japan, and the mission school at Point Hope, South Africa. If the ability of the young actors can be measured by the success of last year's performances, these plays will be truly pleasing. Tickets for admission at twenty-five cents and reserved seats at fifty cents may be obtained from any member of the Society or from Miss Adelaide I. M. Chamberlain, 587 West 145th St.

J. E. Taplin, of Brooklyn, had a severe fall from a trolley car on February 11th, in that borough, caused by the car started before he had alighted. He was considerably bruised and shaken up. Fortunately he secured the names of some witnesses, and has placed the matter in the hands of a lawyer.

Among those who are lovers of sport saw the Harvard team wrestle the championship College hockey from Yale at St. Nicholas Skating Rink last Saturday night were: Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Misses Helen Smith, Susie Cohen, Katie Miller and Messrs. Frank Brown, Richard McLoughlin and W. J. Loew.

Miss Ray Moses, of Newark, N. J., was married to Mr. Moses W. Loew, by Rev. Dr. Foster, at Victoria Hall, this city, on Sunday, February 19th. Next week we will publish an account of the wedding.

Mrs. Buhle had a fire scare last week. A blaze in her flat at four o'clock in the morning brought that worthy lady into the street in her snowy night robes. Little damage was done, however.

CONCERNING PROCTOR'S.

WEEK OF FEBRUARY 27.

In the old days of Wallack's Theatre, when the stock company was at its zenith, it was customary to produce once every season what was known as the *piece de resistance*. For several seasons this honor was divided between two excellent dramas "Diplomacy" and "Moths." It was in "Diplomacy" that Lester Wallack, Rose Coghlan, Harry Montague, John Gilbert, Annie Robe and others of much histrionic note secured their greatest fame. "Diplomacy" will be offered in Harlem at Proctor's One Hundred and Twenty Fifth Street Theatre next week for the first time, by the uptown Proctor Stock Company. This week's offerings in vaudeville field will include Piccolo's Midgits, the world's greatest diminutive entertainers; Celina Bobe, a noted violin and xylophone expert; Carter and Blueford colored entertainers; Joe Morris, "The Jew," Gilbert and Burt, "The Female Drummers," the Motion Pictures and others.

One of the brightest of the farces to achieve Broadway success last season was "Glittering Gloria," from the gifted pen of C. M. S. McClellan, author of "Leah Kleschna." Originally acted as a musical comedy it has since been played as a straight farce, in which shape it has proven especially attractive on the road. Mr. Proctor has been fortunate enough to secure the piece with the original scenic outfit, and he will present it at his Fifth Avenue Theatre next week, with all the careful attention to detail that marked the Broadway performance. The humor in "Glittering Gloria" is wholesome, action is lively and the characters are well-drawn. The entire-act vaudeville numbers will be particularly strong next week.

"The promising programme provided by Proctor," is the alliterative introduction submitted by the management of the Twenty-Third Street Theatre in the announcement of next week's bill. They might have added "pleasing" and "prodigious," as certainly the list of attractions is great and well diversified. The headliner is the Glisner-Troupe of six acrobats; whose work is so well known. Carlotta, in her marvellous performance of looping the loop on a bicycle is still the strong attraction she first proved to be. Archer's Filipino Girls, a company of clever singers and dancers is a novel act which is certain to gain favorable comment, and Girard and Gardner, in a comedy sketch is another. Al Fields is to give his monologue, and Zazel and Vernon furnish a comical exhibition of work on the horizontal bars. Galletti's Monkeys, which are truly wonderful, are also a feature of the programme, the balance of which is made up of Burkhardt, coin manipulator; Butler and Wilkes, singers and dancers; Bailey and Fletcher, black-face comedians; Bates Musical Trio, instrumentalists; Twin Nices, singers and dancers; and these, together with an unusually good set of Motion Pictures, comprise one of the best vaudeville bills Mr. Proctor has ever selected.

The stock company located at Proctor's Fifty Eighth Street Theatre will next week present Bronson Howard's powerful military drama, "Shenandoah" which will be staged with a wealth of new scenery, appropriate accessories and will be in every way a faithful following of the original production. Mr. William Ingersoll, the new leading man of this company who is rapidly finding favor with the patrons of the Fifty Eighth Street Theatre, will be seen at his best in the title role. He will be supported by Miss Edna Phillips, Mr. Harold Hartsell, Mr. Charles Arthur, Mr. Richard Lyle, Miss Agnes Scott and the full strength of the company. The vaudeville contingent is particularly strong.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

Brooklyn Guild Meetings.

It meets the first Thursday of each month, except July and August, at 8 P.M., in St. Mark's Chapel, Adelphi Street, near De Kalb Avenue.

BUFFALO.

The long looked for St. Valentine Social came off with success, on February 10th, at St. Paul's Parish House. There was a large attendance and every one enjoyed the evening immensely. "Hearts," a game of cards, and shooting at the centre of a large red paper heart were the chief amusements. Prizes for these games, were awarded to Mr. Hahn, and Miss Helen MacPhail, respectively. "Cobwebbing," a very laughable game, was indulged in, by a certain number of gentlemen and ladies, in order to find partners, with which to have refreshments. The social disbanded very late, with refreshments of delicious hearts of ice cream, and cakes of the same shape. They carried home with them heart-shaped souvenirs, on which various quotations concerning love, were written.

February 11th, Mr. and Mrs. Newhouse surprised the latter's sister, Mrs. Borinstein, of Rochester, who was in Buffalo for a day or two, by having a crowd of their relatives and friends to meet her at their residence "Pedro" was the main feature of the evening, for which prizes went to Miss MacPhail and Mr. Watts. Guessing the number of beans in a glass jar, and what vegetable was in a cake, were other games. Mrs. Nelson and Mr. Hanneman, a nephew of Mrs. Newhouse, captured the prizes respectively. A bountiful supper followed which every one treated with justice.

February 15th, De Sales' Literary Society had its regular meeting. Mrs. Nelsen delivered a splendid biographical sketch of Abraham Lincoln and seasoned it with numerous good advices. The lecture lasted almost two hours, and every one who was there, seemed to enjoy it. Miss Carroll, president of the society, and Miss Eckert followed with poems concerning the honored man. The meeting adjourned with Miss MacPhail's report as Critic. It is the intention of the Society to appoint different Critics for each literary meeting, for the sake of improvement.

The engagement of Mr. Baus and Miss Friedberger has been announced, their wedding to take place on March 1st. They have our best wishes for a long and happy married life.

Miss Clara Smith, of Clayton, N. Y., who has been visiting her numerous friends in this city, expects to leave Monday for Cleveland, and other points before returning to her studio.

Miss Carroll invited some of her friends to spend the evening, at her home last week, in honor of Miss Clara Smith. It is needless to say, that a good time was had there, for it is always so, with this charming hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Klein entertained company at their home, Sunday, by giving a supper in honor of Miss Clara Smith.

The Angel of Death has visited the homes of two of our friends lately.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Volker's youngest daughter, aged 3 months and 29 days, died February 9th.

Miss Cornue's mother, Mrs. Cornue, aged 54 years, died suddenly, on February 14th. Our deepest sympathy is extended to these bereaved friends in their hour of sadness.

Miss Mabel Hodgson (relative of Editor Hodgson?) of Simcoe, Can., is enjoying her first visit with her friends here, for a few weeks.

Friends and acquaintances of Mr. A. Quiogra-Parada will probably be surprised to learn of his marriage, which is supposed to have occurred last fall. Rumor says that he is going to Mexico soon.

Several friends in Buffalo have been pleasantly remembered with an invitation to attend the Ellis-Pugh nuptials, at the Rochester School, on February 22d. It is likely that some of us will be there as representatives of Buffalo May their wedded life be full of happiness and prosperity!

The Buffalo Enquirer reported the following:

"The Rev. Mark H. Milne, former assistant rector of St. Paul's Cathedral, this city, now of Butler, Pa., and Miss Alma Tuttle, of Hornellsville, N. Y., were married last evening, at 6 o'clock, at the bride's home in Main Street."

It is with pleasant remembrance that Rev. Milne learned with eagerness, how to talk with those who frequented the Parish House, and he succeeded. Rev. Huntington is now his successor, and we had the pleasure of meeting him at our recent St. Valentine's Social.

Admission tickets are now being sold for the Pantomime Entertainment for the benefit of St. Bede's Deaf-Mute Mission, at St. Paul's Parish House, Friday evening, March 3d, at 8 o'clock. Come one, come all, and help the worthy mission.

Hello, "Old Shoe"! I was pleased to see your recent letter. Write as often as you can. Say, if you can have nothing to say that will interest the deaf people, why not write about your experiences in poultry-raising. A. L. MACP.

FANWOOD.

Complimented by Official Inspectors.

BASKET BALL RIVALRY.

Happenings of a Week.

From our Regular Correspondent.

The following is taken from the Mt. Vernon Argus of February 15th. Mr. Bard is one of the Board of Supervisors of Westchester Co.

Editor Argus:—The New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb is situated at the foot of 163d Street and the Hudson River. The location is magnificent. In company with Supervisors George T. Burling, J. M. Shinn and P. Whalen, we made an official visit to the institution on Friday. We found everything connected with the institution as perfect as it is possible for human beings to make it. To describe all that I saw there would take too much of your valuable space. The superintendent, Enoch Henry Currier, is a man eminently adapted by nature, education and experience for the position he holds. The inmates are all instructed in military tactics, and it was very pleasant to notice the way they all saluted Dr. Currier as he passed through. But there was more than a simple salute, one could see that glad smile of welcome in the face of all the boys and girls as they met him. They all marched in two divisions, attended by five and drum corps. It was a sad sight to stand there and see 450 bright intelligent boys and girls, (as bright as any budding boys and girls) and to know that all of them were deaf and dumb and some of them blind too. But yet there is a bright side to the dark picture. Every one of those boys and girls are learning a trade or some occupation that will make them self-supporting when they leave the school. The teachers are models in their line where their work in the teaching line requires so much patience. It is surprising to see the progress the children make. I visited three classes where the children are actually being taught to speak, and 50 of them can say a good many words and many can read out loud. When we remember that it takes from two to five years to get a deaf and dumb child to say even one word distinctly, you can imagine the vast amount of patience the teacher must use in training them. I was shown a fine and perfect clay model of Grant's tomb made by a boy who was deaf, dumb and blind. All he ever knew about it was by what he had obtained from a boy who had seen it and who gave him the idea by the finger talk or signs.

There are only 80 persons in the known world who are deaf, dumb and blind, ten of them are in our school at 163d Street. Many thousands are deaf and dumb, but only very few are afflicted with all three of the terrible losses. The arrangements for the comfort of the sick ones are complete, in fact nothing seems to be left undone to make the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb the most perfect home in our land or any other land. I left the place feeling very thankful that we had in our midst an institution that meant so much for the comfort, education and future prosperity of so many hundred of boys and girls who otherwise would be miserable indeed.

W. H. BARD, Supervisor.

The Sunday World of February 19th, contained an account of Ella Hopkins, our blind-beaf pupil, in its magazine section. As usual, much space is given over to the remarkable phenomena presented by a sixth sense.

Prof. W. G. Jones finished his reading of "Richelieu," in the chapel on Friday evening last. The ending was dramatic, in the extreme, and the professor deserves the thanks of all present.

Cadet Howard Melville was at the Majestic Theatre to see "Buster Brown," on Saturday afternoon last.

The Principal, in order to encourage athletics, has offered five silver medals to be given to each member of the basket-ball team that wins the most games. Eight strong teams have been picked, and the first game will be played on Wednesday afternoon, February 22d, in the gymnasium, under the personal direction of Mr. Trevanion G. Cook, our physical director. The teams have been vigorously trained, and the series of games promises to be very exciting. Each team will hereafter be known by the letters of the alphabet. The winners will be announced in another issue of the JOURNAL.

Our physical director, Mr. Trevanion G. Cook, has in his possession a spaniel mascot, called "Jack." The canine followed at his heels to the Institution one day and, no one claiming him, our physical director cared for him. The dog is now being broken in,

and is capable of doing some tricks. The other officer of the Institution that has a dog is Hugh Conley Seward, our assistant steward, who calls him "Sport." As to our accomplishments, he excels that of our physical director. A coffee bean is placed on the end of his nose, while in a sitting posture. When his master gives the word of command, with a snap of his jaws the bean falls into his mouth. Hockey skates are plentifully in vogue here. With these "wings of steel" they sail swiftly over the skating rink in the boys' yard.

Mr. Emil Mehl, head tutor of the boys, was at the Heinebund Masquerade Ball, at Terrace Garden, on Thursday evening, February 16th last.

The Cadet officers have just adopted a mascot. It is in the person of Herman Plapinger, who goes under the sobriquet of "baby," and our baby weighs about 160 pounds.

A report of the trades instruction given to females show the following number in each respective trade. Art, 6; Dressmaking, 25; Plain Sewing, 35; Shirtmaking, 29, and Cooking, 25, and the remaining attending school morning and afternoon.

S. C.

Report of the Local Committee St. Louis 1904.

The Executive Committee having decided upon St. Louis as the meeting place of the Seventh Convention of the National Association of the Deaf, to be held sometime during the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, it was suggested to the Executive Committee chairman, Dr. J. L. Smith, that the Local Committee be appointed earlier than is customary in view of the fact that an International Congress of the Deaf was proposed in connection with the Convention, and more time was believed to be necessary, so that the best possible arrangements could be made for the reception and entertainment of the members of the Convention and delegates to the Congress. The Chairman of the Executive Committee having indicated his preference for Local Committee chairman, later, at the suggestion of the Local Chairman, appointed the following persons to constitute the Local Committee:

Jas. H. Cloud, Ch'r. Mary E. Harden
Arthur O. Steidemann Annie M. Roper
A. J. Rodenberger Angeline Molloy
James S. Chenery Emma Schum
Charles D. Jones Pearl Herdman
Charles Kilpatrick Clara L. Steidemann
John J. Gill Yetta S. Baggerman
Peter Hughes Sarah Weiser

Mr. Hughes was absent from the city at the time of his appointment and not returning early enough to participate in the more important work of the Committee, Mrs. Selmia Schewier Burgher was appointed in his place. Miss Ivy Meyers, of the local committee of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association, was invited to assist at certain functions. The Committee elected Mr. Steidemann as its secretary and treasurer, and selected the Schuyler Memorial House, 1210 Locust Street, as its official headquarters.

The first meeting of the Committee was held on September 12th, 1903. Among the visitors present at this meeting was Mr. W. Howe Phelps, of Carthage, Mo., who headed the entertainment fund with a contribution of twenty-five dollars. The Committee met subsequently on an average of twice a month until after the Convention—its final meeting being held on February 10th, 1905.

In order to raise an entertainment fund of suitable proportions, the Committee arranged for lectures, socials, entertainments, made personal donations, and solicited contributions directly and through authorized collectors.

The Committee grateful acknowledges its obligations to friends and business men in St. Louis, East St. Louis, Kansas City, Independence, Fulton and Carthage, who gave their financial and other assistance to the end that members of the Convention and delegates to the Congress might be entertained in a manner befitting the State and city of the greatest of Universal Expositions.

The Committee also acknowledges with thanks the signal service rendered by Mr. Clyde Jones, of East St. Louis, in the matter of obtaining contributions to the entertainment fund.

The idea of having a special day at the Exposition designated as "Gallaudet Day," in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and the preliminary meeting of the Congress on that day, originated with the Local Committee as did also the reception at the French Pavilion, as a tribute to the memory of the Abbe De l'Epee, and at the German State Building, as a tribute to the memory of Samuel Heinicke. Later the Local Committee and the St. Louis Gallaudet Union gave a reception to Miss Helen Adams Keller on "Helen Keller Day," at the Missouri State Building. Among those present at this function were many members of the Ninth Triennial Conference of Superintendents and Principals of American Schools for the Deaf, then in session, the President of the Exposition, and other notables.

The Committee appointed Mr. George F. Flick, of Baltimore, official photographer of the convention, his being the highest bid for that concession. The following is the list of sub-committees in charge of the various functions arranged by the Local Committee for Convention week:—

1. Reception and Ball at the Missouri State Building on "Gallaudet Day"—Miss Ivy Meyers, chairman, Messrs. Herdman, Steidemann, and Jones.
2. Lecture at the Schuyler Memorial House—The chairman.
3. Reception at the Y. M. C. A. Parlors—Miss Baggerman chairman, Miss Roper, Mrs. Harden Messrs. Gill and Kilpatrick.
4. Grand Ball at the Liederkranz Society's Hall, Miss Steidemann chairman, Mrs. Burgher, Miss Weiner, Messrs. Chenery and Rodenberger.
5. Reception at the French Pavilion—The committee.
6. Lunch at the Bungalow—Messrs. Herdman, Steidemann, Roper, and Mr. Steidemann.
7. Reception at the German State Building—the Local Committee of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association.
8. Grand Banquet at the Mercantile Club—Miss Herdman chairman, Misses Molly Schum, Messrs. Steidemann and Kilpatrick.
9. River Excursion on "The City of Providence"—Miss Steidemann chairman, Misses Molly Roper, Messrs. Chenery and Rodenberger.
10. Farewell Hop at the Missouri State Building—The Local Committee and the officers of the Louis Gallaudet Union.
11. Reception to Miss Keller on "Helen Keller Day" at the Missouri State Building—The Local Committee and the St. Louis Gallaudet Union.

cial photographer of the convention, his being the highest bid for that concession. The following is the list of sub-committees in charge of the various functions arranged by the Local Committee for Convention week:—

1. Reception and Ball at the Missouri State Building on "Gallaudet Day"—Miss Ivy Meyers, chairman, Messrs. Herdman, Steidemann, and Jones.

2. Lecture at the Schuyler Memorial House—The chairman.

3. Reception at the Y. M. C. A. Parlors—Miss Baggerman chairman, Miss Roper, Mrs. Harden Messrs. Gill and Kilpatrick.

4. Grand Ball at the Liederkranz Society's Hall, Miss Steidemann chairman, Mrs. Burgher, Miss Weiner, Messrs. Chenery and Rodenberger.

5. Reception at the French Pavilion—The committee.

6. Lunch at the Bungalow—Messrs. Herdman, Steidemann, Roper, and Mr. Steidemann.

7. Reception at the German State Building—the Local Committee of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association.

8. Grand Banquet at the Mercantile Club—Miss Herdman chairman, Misses Molly Schum, Messrs. Steidemann and Kilpatrick.

9. River Excursion on "The City of Providence"—Miss Steidemann chairman, Misses Molly Roper, Messrs. Chenery and Rodenberger.

10. Farewell Hop at the Missouri State Building—The Local Committee and the officers of the Louis Gallaudet Union.

11. Reception to Miss Keller on "Helen Keller Day" at the Missouri State Building—The Local Committee and the St. Louis Gallaudet Union.

The financial statement of the Treasurer given below does not, of course, show the value in dollars and cents of the privileges accorded to members of the Convention at the Hall of Congresses, Missouri State Building, Schuyler Memorial House, Central High School, and the Liederkranz Society's Hall, since these concessions were donated to the Committee. But their worth is none the less evident, and the Local Committee desires to record here its grateful appreciation of the unaluable help derived from these concessions.

RECEIPTS.

By collections and donations:	
St. Louis.....	\$309 15
East St. Louis.....	156 13
Independence.....	38 95
Bungalow lunch tickets.....	35 00
Fulton.....	23 00
Kansas City.....	10 50
	\$573 73

By Entertainments, lectures and socials..... 49 25

"The St. Louis Gallaudet Union.....	17 91
"Concessions.....	38 75
"Non-members admissions.....	30 70
"Bungalow lunch tickets.....	78 25
"Mercantile Club Banquet tickets.....	402 00
"N. A. D. for badges.....	24 80
Total receipts.....	\$1,314 43

EXPENDITURES:

To Printing, stationery and postage.....	\$86 55
"Official badges.....	36 09
"Flowers and decorations.....	37 50
"Janitor services.....	15 00
"Carpenter services.....	6 50
"A refunded ticket, expressage charges.....	3 70
"Social Committee members' expenses.....	10 48
"Reception, Gallaudet Day.....	80 80
"Lecture, Schuyler Memorial House.....	19 00
"Reception at Y. M. C. A. Parlors.....	44 00
"Grand Ball, Liederkranz Society Hall.....	110 50
"Lunch at the Bungalow.....	125 20
"Grand Banquet, Mercantile Club.....	453 00
"River Excursion, "City of Providence".....	64 50
"Farewell Hop, Missouri State Building.....	22 50
"Reception on "Helen Keller Day".....	76 75
Total expenses.....	\$1,171 98

Balance on hand..... \$142 44

In regard to the final disposition of the balance on hand, the Committee decided to refund the amount donated to the Gallaudet Union and to give the remainder to the Missouri State Association of the Deaf.

Respectfully submitted,
J. H. CLOUD,
A. O. STEIDEMANN, Chairman.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 10, 1905.

A Card Party.

One of the most delightful and unique entertainments of the season, was that given last Friday night by Mr. and Mrs. O. M. Elliott, in honor of Miss Maude Marshall of Lincoln, Neb.

The evening was spent in playing progressive whist. The first prize, a sterling-silver handled paper knife went to Mr. E. W. Trapp; the second prize, a pretty hand painted vase to Miss Gertrude Swank; the consolation prize, a book, to Mr. J. F. Loffer. A cash prize given to the person securing same from the depths of a basin of electrified water, was won by Miss Grace Wyman.

The guests included, Misses Otto Davis, Gertrude Swank, and Grace Wyman, Messrs. E. W. Trapp, B. E. Eshelman, W. E. Freytag, C. C. Trapp, J. H. Poynter, and Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Loffer.

After partaking of a dainty two course luncheon all departed for their homes voting the evening's enjoyment one of the very best in their social experience.—Graham, Mo., Post, Feb. 9.

OHIO.

A Faithful Official says Good Bye.

OLD-TIME GRADUATES.

News of the Week.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Institution will lose a faithful official, March 1st in Miss Deborah Evans, who for the part eleven years has efficiently discharged the duties of Assistant Matron. President Gallaudet offered her, the position of Associate Matron of the Columbia Institution, made vacant by the recent death of Mrs. Temple, and she has accepted the offer. She will be very much missed here as by her genial disposition she made friends with everybody. What is this institution's loss is Columbia's gain, and we bespeak for her the well wishes of all for success in her new position.

The cold weather still continues and it's a rich harvest for the plumbers but lots of worry for those who are unfortunate enough to have their water pipes frozen up, as some of the institution people can attest.

James Clark, aged about fifty, and from Union County, was admitted into the Home, Saturday last. He attended school here while Dr. G. O. Fay was superintendent. He is quite near sighted. There are now four men being cared for at the Home. Superintendent Byers when in town, Saturday, stated that forty tons of ice had been harvested, of about eight inches in thickness. As soon as the weather lets up the work of completing the roof on the large old brick building will be pushed. It is about half finished, cold weather putting a stop to it.

A postal card from Cardington, O., states that Mr. Thomas Godman, whose home is in that place, was quite low and not expected to live. Mr. Godman was one of the original ten members that composed the first high class formed at the opening of school in the present main building, in 1868. Two of these were ladies—Miss Jamison, long since dead, and Miss Hannah Davis, now Mrs. Greener. The male members were Messrs. James M. Park, A. C. Powell, Elias Myers, Thomas Godman, Richard Nevus, George Fancher, Lewis Lee James, and the writer. Mr. Myers was killed on the railroad track a few years ago, and of Nevus we have lost trace. The first three entered the National Deaf-Mute College, now Gallaudet College, passing successfully the Freshman examination thereto, in 1871, and two years later, Messrs. James and Greener followed them there. Mr. Park, after graduating at the College, became a teacher here, and later moved to California, where he has made a success in raising lemons on a ranche he owns. Mr. Powell was employed for a number of years as deputy recorder of his county, Hancock, and since leaving the office, has done work as an abstractor of deeds. Mr. Fancher is still hale and hearty, working for a tile factory at Brice's, a village sixteen miles east of Columbus, while Mr. James conducts the farm for his now almost helpless father, down in Athens County. As to the writer, and the remaining lady member of the class, modesty bids silence. Dr. Ely, of the Maryland Institution, was the first teacher of the class for part of the first year, and was succeeded by Mr. Charles S. Perry, now of the California school. As a whole, the class has certainly been favored with longevity and success, of which Dr. Fay and its teachers can have cause to feel proud for their work.

The postponed reception of the Ladies' Aid Society will be given at the residence of Mrs. P. P. Pratt, Saturday evening, February 26th.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Rice entertained, Saturday evening, with a card and oyster supper and had as their guests, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Mavor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schwartz and Mr. Nwuzing.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Rose have taken up their home in Dayton, O., with cousin of the former. They live on Campbell Street and are near neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Showalter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. King gave a card party at their home on Oak Street, last evening, to a number of the lady teachers of the Institution.

Mr. J. B. Showalter, of Dayton, was called to his mother's home, in Van Wert, on account of her serious illness, last Saturday.

The trustees of the institution at their meeting, Thursday, authorized Superintendent Jones to grant diplomas of graduation to pupils of the Intermediate Department, who complete the twelve year course creditably.

Mrs. Sarah Williamson Scott, of South Lebanon, will soon move with her sister to West Carrollton near Dayton, O. The factory, wherein she has been working for several years has shut down for good.

Feb'y 18, '05. A. B. G.

How the Express was Saved.

[The following is the production of J. H. Quinn, a deaf-mute pupil of the New York Institution, who is eleven years old. For vividness of imagination, choice of language and composition of detail, it certainly is remarkable for one so young.—Ed. JOURNAL.]

An express train was on its way to the depot.

It had on its highest speed, since it was making up for lost time.

The engine thundered, the steam hissed, the fire blazed, and now and then threw out sparks of red hot coals.

The fireman and engineer of this express were two brawny men. They knew about the whole line and had many perils, but they refused to give up the old engine.

Many a year had they spent in the cab of the engine.

They were very skillful men. Under their skillful work trees, houses, farms, and valleys went swiftly past.

During this time the engineer said: "What time have we got to arrive at the depot?" The fireman scanned the time table and said: "At ten fifteen, if we can get there soon."

"What time is it now?" asked the engineer.

"It is only eight thirty now," said the fireman, putting his watch back in his vest-pocket.

"Plenty of time to get there," said the engineer with a laugh. "If engine No. 12 cannot get there in two hours, she would be called a drone for such speed."

Many times they had put their blood up at fighting heat and knocked a dozen logs in the air, put there to bar their passage by bold train robbers so that they might plunder the train.

Many times they had tried to stop the train by sending showers of bullets upon the cab, but they always got for reward a yell of defiance from the engineer, who being a crack shot, laid many low by his bullets. He never killed any, but simply paralyzed them by firing bullets between the calves of their legs.

Often in this train the most valuable goods were stored, because the company always believed that it was the safest train on the service of the Lackawanna Railroad.

Two days later they received a message from a detective named Wilkes, that a large body of men were doing something along the line that he did not understand by their actions. After a while the engineer and fireman said they would give him \$12 if he would tell them what they were doing.

Wilkes, who was a money-craving man, came soon and got the twelve dollars and went across a field, and soon was lost to view in the distant horizon.

After going over the field for about a mile he turned down into a lonely alley, took a bundle of clothes from under his coat and put them on. Then he returned the ones he had just worn into the bundle and hid them under a loose stone. The clothes he had taken from the bundle were like those of an outlaw. His plan was to go among the thieves, then gain all the information he wanted, then when they began to work on their plan of destroying the train, get an excuse for going to fill the thieves dinner pails from a well nearby, and when he had got out of sight change his clothes from the bundle under the loose stone, then go to the depot where the express was waiting and tell of the plan of destroying the train. After having put on the clothes he went down the alley to the house of the one known as chief of the gang, and after a while the chief seeing the coast was clear of "cops," and others, he mounted upon a table with a chair, telling them the plan of destroying the train. It ran as follows:

"Fellow comrades, we have made many efforts to destroy train No. 12 but with no avail. Bullets do no damage, and in turn the deadly rifle of the engineer wounds many.

Logs are worse. When we put some there, the big-eyed engineer sees them and puts on full steam and sends the logs in the air and some in our hiding places, crushing dozens of us. Any way, I am bound to plunder and destroy the train, even if it costs me my life. My plan of attack is that each of us armed with a shovel and pickaxe march to the tracks in some lonely place, pull up the tracks and dig a long ditch one hundred feet wide and sixty rods long." After this plan, each man in the crowd ran to his home, and soon the whole crowd had collected again. Then the leader gave the order to march. They went about four miles till they came to a lonesome place in the country. The men at once began to work. After a while, Wilkes, who had done a little himself, got up from his work and asked the men if they wanted a drink.

All did, so Wilkes said:

"If you do not mind giving me your dinner pails, I will go to a well I know a mile away and bring enough water to fill you up till you will burst. Send them in now."

For answer all kinds pails, from the fine dinner pail to the tin cans, were thrown to him.

Wilkes gathered them up, and hanging them on his arm started for the fake well. He had gone a mile when he took up the alley. Some had characters, seeing him

running, drew their revolvers and told him to stop.

For answer Wilkes drew two seven-shooters and cried out as loud as he could: "I am James Wilkes, the detective; and if you don't get out you die." The crowd, angered by this bold speech, fired on him. All the bullets went on a zigzag journey, to find their way to some window or to kill some onlooking person.

The one that flew straight hit Wilkes in the nose, making the blood flow freely.

Wilkes, maddened by pain, yelled out, "Die you ally-bug for I shall have my vengeance."

And sending shot after shot he killed fourteen of his pursuers. But it soon came to the worst, when the crowd's weapons and also Wilkes became empty. Wilkes had to take to running. It was no race for fun. A race of life and death. Wilkes was a tall man with large bony legs, and it looked as if he would soon outstrip his pursuers. He certainly would, but fate did not say "Yes," but instead it said "I do not know."

Wilkes soon made a long distance from his pursuers, when a man in a front window fired upon him wounding him in the leg. At this the crowd hooted and cried: "Where is your vengeance now?"

Wilkes began to feel dizzy, when he suddenly saw a horse with saddle on, and in the saddle were holsters, a sword was dangling from the saddle also. Wilkes made to it with all his might, and climbing up in the saddle, he pulled a pistol from the holster and fired point-blank at the leader of the crowd. As he fell, Wilkes turned around his head put his hands to his mouth, and cried as loud as he could, "Behold your leader; here is my vengeance," and turning he put spurs to the horse who galloped swift as the wind to the station where the fireman and engineer were waiting impatiently for his return. When he got there he fell off the horse, and as he fell on the grass he cried: "They are digging a ditch, have them surrounded at once. They are only a few miles from here," and then fainted from the loss of blood. The police were instantly called, and the plotters captured and sent to Sing Sing, and even to this day they may cry out: "Wait till I get my vengeance on James Wilkes the Detective."

J. H. QUINN.

Peculiar Evidence.

By the ineffaceable odor of certain perfumes and scents, murderers and thieves have sometimes been detected. An interesting case of this sort occurred not long since in Paris, where a notorious burglar was arrested solely because he had a partiality for eucalyptus.

An elderly lady awoke one night in the city of Paris to find that the jewel box at the side of her bed was just being robbed by a burly, masked man. The lady controlled herself and feigned sleep, but she noticed the strong odor of eucalyptus that pervaded the man's garments.

As soon as he had gone she opened her bedroom window and screamed for assistance. But the thief had made good his escape, nor was he captured for a considerable time.

One day there called at the office of a Hebrew pawnbroker a gentleman-looking fellow who was desirous of pledging a few articles of jewelry. Now the pawnbroker had received a list of the gems stolen from the lady in question, and he saw that none of them were shown by the gentleman; but he had read in the newspaper account of the robbery concerning the strong odor of eucalyptus about the thief, and he at once noticed the smell of the fragrant oil pervading his would-be customer's clothing.

His suspicions were aroused, and he summoned a policeman and told his story. The result was the capture of a notorious burglar and the thief of the lady's gems.

Another case hails from India. A merchant returning to his home from Calcutta took with him a small flask of spikenard, a costly perfume used in Hindu religious rites. He was robbed and murdered on the way. Months afterward the criminals, who had come under suspicion for other crimes, received an informal visit from the police, when the strong odor of the costly scent was discovered in their abode, and the half-empty flask was unearthed beneath a stack of fuel in one of the rooms. This led to the conviction and execution of three members of the gang.

Deaf and Dumb Man Killed.

PENN YAN, Feb. 13.—Word was received from Himrods Junction, eight miles south of Penn Yan, of the finding of deaf and dumb Joel Fenno's body lying beside the Northern Central tracks, by George Shults. Upon examination of the body it was found that the man's watch stopped at 9:30, and he had evidently lain dead on the tracks over night. The body was horribly mangled. Coroner Joseph J. Cox was summoned from Penn Yan and an examination will be made as to the cause of the accident. The last passing train at this point was early the evening previous, and none of the trainmen reported having run over a person. The man was single and nearly 60 years of age.—Buffalo Evening News.

Webster's Unlucky Drive.

One of Daniel Webster's favorite stories of his early life had to do with a journey from Salisbury, his home, to Lebanon, N. H. He went with a neighbor in an old-fashioned, square-boxed pung sleigh, which contained several barrels of cider, to be sold by the owner at Lebanon. It was a cold, frosty morning, and the start was made before sunrise. Daniel wore a new suit of clothes and mittens, spun, woven, dyed and made by his mother's hands.

In the course of the morning they reached a stream where the bridge had been carried away by a recent flood, and was lodged just below the road. It was evident that the stream must be crossed by fording. The neighbor, with a look at Daniel, said:

"You've got tight boots on; suppose you take the reins and drive."

Daniel did as he was bid, while his companion jumped out to walk across the broken bridge.

"I drove down cautiously," said Mr Webster, "expecting a safe passage, when suddenly the pung sank, and I found myself up to the armpits in the icy water. The horse plunged forward and reached the opposite bank, and almost as quick as I am telling it my clothes became a solid cake of ice."

"There was no house near, and I was in danger of freezing to death soon unless I was relieved. I jumped out of the sleigh and told the man to drive as fast as he could. I took hold of the back of the pung, and away we went. I often came near falling, but managed to hold on, and so by the rapid motion kept my blood in circulation till we reached a house."

"I went in and asked the lady of the house if she would let me dry my clothes. She put me into a room where there was a bed and hung my clothes by the fire. It was then apparent that the contents of my mother's dye-pot were on my body as well as on my clothes."

Senator Bate has a Thing to Learn.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.—Senator Bate, of Tennessee, has something to learn. On Monday last, in a debate on the Oklahoma-Indian Territory Statehood bill, the Senate was considering a proposal to give the new State 200,000 acres of land for "schools for the deaf and blind." Senator Bate protested that this made no provision for the dumb. But it does; the dumb are dumb because they are deaf; the terms "deaf and dumb" and "deaf-mute" have passed out of use among those concerned with the education of these unfortunate. Of course one may be made dumb by losing his tongue, a mischance that would affect eloquence of even R-representative John Wesley Gaines; or one may incur paralysis of that "unruly member" (I do not allude to Mr. Gaines) but it is not that class of sufferers that Senator Bate is concerned about and for whom the bill is intended to provide. "Silence is gold," but it is easy to understand that any kind of inability to make a speech appeals with a peculiar pathos to the organ that an American legislator is compassionate with. I should think it might make Mr. Burke Cockran burst into tears.—Ez.

The English Language.

English is said to be one of the most difficult languages in the world for a foreigner to learn. The verbs and prepositions are particularly puzzling. A professor in Columbia School of Mines tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with the verb "to break."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. De Beauvoir, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up so with prepositions."

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Berky, just now," he continued. "She said she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember; break up school."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down?"

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And, indeed, since fever has broken up in her town."

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"No, that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard of that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow—a breaker, I think."

"A broker and a fine fellow. Good-day."

So much for the verb "break."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

Prayer in the Morning.

The morning is the gate of the day and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one of the threads on which the day's actions are strung and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life we should be more careful of its morning. He who rushes from his bed to business and waiteth not to worship is as foolish as though he had not put on his clothes or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without arms or armor. Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress us.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

Resting on Their Laurels But Wide-awake Again.

EASTER ENTERTAINMENT & RECEPTION auspices

XAVIER CLUB DEAF-MUTES'

Wednesday, April 26th

PAROCHIAL SCHOOL HALL 17th Street, West of Sixth Avenue.

Amusing and High Class

VAUDEVILLE

Curtain at 8 P.M. Dancing follows

TICKETS, FIFTY CENTS EACH No Reserved Seats

DIRECTION EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

John F. O'Brien Thomas V. Hamilton
Thomas J. Grogan Robt. B. McGinnis
Thomas Driscoll James F. Donnelly
Felix Fernandez Thomas O'Connell

Simply Great! That's all! Come and see for yourself!

THE Crestwood Press

LOUIS A. COHEN, PROP.

HIGH GRADE PRINTING

EMBOSSING AND ENGRAVING

Full Count Prompt Delivery Clean Work Lowest Rates

1412 Fifth Avenue Bet. 115th and 116th Sts. NEW YORK

Commercial and Stationery Work a specialty.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE Deaf-Mutes' Journal ONLY \$1 a Year.

LENTEN LECTURE COURSE.

A SERIES OF LECTURES ON THE BIBLE

Illustrated with Hundreds of Beautiful Stereopticon Slides

TO BE GIVEN IN THE

Guild Room of St. Ann's Church 148th St., West of Amsterdam Ave.

Wednesday Evenings

March 15, 22, 29

April 5, 12

Admission, - - - 10 Cents

Season Tickets, - - - 40 Cents

Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.—PSALM 107: 43.

STATUESQUES (From the Iliad of Homer.)

AND PLAY OF

"Won by Strategy"

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

DEAF-MUTES' ATHLETIC CLUB

— AT —

Grand Opera House

309 West 23d Street Near cor. 8th Ave.

Saturday Evening, February 25, 1905

AT 8 P.M.

Best Seats at - - - 35 Cents

General Admission, - - - 25 Cents

Apply for tickets to E. C. ELSWORTH, Treasurer, 239 West 138th Street.

THE attention of graduates of the old Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, and others, is respectfully called to the following announcement:

I have a very few lithographs of the old school, containing, besides portraits of Mr. Foster and Dr. Crozier, former principals, twelve views of the Institution. It is a fine picture in black and white, size 25x32 inches, and was published about twenty years ago.

I have, also, a few hundred lithographic Gallaudet Alphabet Cards, the finest ever published, in 13 colors and gold. The size is 62½ inches. They are nice to give particular hearing friends. There is a card within a card, a blank space on which you can write your name and present your compliments. A marked sample copy will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. The cards will not be sold in lots less than half a dozen for 50 cents, or \$1.00 per baker's dozen.

On account of the demand being greater than the supply, the price of the Institution picture has been raised to \$3.00 per copy, mailing 10 cents extra. A deposit of 50 cents sent at once to Mr. Elwell will secure you a copy until January 1st, 1904.

J. T. ELWELL, 421 North 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NECKTIE and APRON PARTY

to be given by the

A. I. Deaf-Mute Society

AUDITORIUM HALL 81 Orange Street Newark, N. J.

Saturday Evening, March 4, 1905

Tickets, (including refreshments) 25 cents [Particulars later.]

PATENTS

promptly obtained OR NO FEE. Trade-Marks, Caveats, Copyrights and Labels registered. **TWENTY YEARS' PRACTICE.** Highest references. Send model, sketch or photo for free report on patentability. All business confidential. **HAND-BOOK FREE.** Explains everything. Tells how to obtain and sell patents. What inventors will pay. How to get a Partner, explains latest mechanical movements, and contains 200 of the subjects of important inventions. Address

H. B. WILLSON & CO. Patent Attorneys Box 63 Willson Bldg. WASHINGTON, D. C.

BUY THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.

THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST.

The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The **Double Feed** combined with other strong points makes the **New Home** the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. ORANGE, MASS.

23 Union Sq. N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Atlanta, Ga., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE BY

VEST POCKET ELECTRIC LAMP

No danger from fire. No smoke. No dirt.

Price, A 1 Complete, \$1.50 B " " 1.00

Useful in a thousand ways. It fits nicely. It is very useful for clerks, men, physicians, housekeepers, farmers, plumbers—in fact, everywhere a bright, safe light is wanted. If you wish to avoid dangerous places out in the dark, just press the button. Gives 3000 lights or burn a few months with regular use. When the battery is gone, a new one can be obtained for 30 cents. Postage on battery 10 cents.

These Vest Pocket Lights sell quickly. Send one cent stamp for a circular.

W. E. Shaw, Electrician, Emmes Building, Room 33 1140 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

Agents Wanted.

Nobody at St. Louis should be without

PACH'S Souvenir Groups

Banquet Group
Illinois Group
French Government Building Group

\$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 EACH

Sent prepaid on receipt of price

Alex L. Pach 935 Broadway, New York

St. Louis Congress Photographs. (OFFICIAL.)

1. World's Congress, (11x14) \$1.25

2. Gallaudet Alumni, " 1.25

3. Missouri Convention, " 1.25

4. Illinois Convention, " 1.00

5. Indiana Delegation, " 1.25

6. Grand Ball, " 1.25

7. Columbus, O., Re-Union, 1.25

Printed on highly finished bromide paper. Get one or more souvenirs of the greatest and grandest Congress ever held. Mailed to any part of the world upon receipt of price.

George F. Flick, Official Photographer, 1017 W. HOPKINS AVE., BALTIMORE, MD.

Theo. I. Lounsbury Book Job and Commercial Printer

Convention Proceedings
Institution Reports
Institution Stationery
Society and Church Work

208 East 59th St., NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name, .35
100 " " " .70
200 " " " 1.00
50 Cards, without name .25
100 " " " .50
250 " " " 1.00

EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.
50 Cards (no alphabets). 40
100 " " " .60

Cash in advance. Stamps accepted. Stamps not to be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.

THE ANTHONY & SCOVILL CO. 132 & 124 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK. Atlas Block, cor. Randolph and Wabash CHICAGO.

The Gallaudet Memorial.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial. Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York, N. Y.

COMMITTEE OF ENDORSEMENT.

The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York
The Rev. W. Huntington, D.D., Rector of Grace Church
The Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church
The Rev. Ernest M. Sires, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas Church
Mr. Isaac N. Seligman, 36 West 45th Street
Mr. Theodore W. Myers, 21 West 46th Street
Mr. William B. Stiger, 138 West 73d Street
Mr. J. Van Vleet Olcott, 21 West 74 Street
Mr. William G. Davis, 24 East 45th Street
Mr. Henry Lewis Morris, 16 Exchange Place
Mr. James B. Ford, 4 East 4d Street
Mr. John H. Washburn, 119 Broadway
Mr. H. H. Cammann, 51 Liberty Street

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The Rev. Arthur H. Judge, M.A., Rector of St. Matthew's Parish and St. Ann's Church, 34 West 4th Street
Dr. J. Howard Reed, Junior Warden of St. Matthew's Parish, 10 West 9th Street
The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York

OUR GROWTH. CAPITAL STOCK (Paid in.)

July 1, 1899, (at organization).....	\$12,500
January 1, 1900.....	25,000
July 1, 1900.....	25,000
January 1, 1901.....	25,550
July 1, 1901.....	33,950
January 1, 1902.....	33,200
July 1, 1902.....	39,175
January 1, 1903.....	40,425
July 1, 1903.....	45,600
January 1, 1904.....	49,875
July 1, 1904.....	53,550
January 1, 1905.....	55,500

THE DIVIDENDS WE HAVE PAID

January 1, 1900.....	\$414 81
July 1, 1900.....	694 45
Jan'y 1, 1901 Regular Dividend.....	738 75
July 1, 1901.....	559 10
January 1, 1902.....	897 91
July 1, 1902.....	895 90
January 1, 1903.....	977 36
July 1, 1903.....	1,075 46
January 1, 1904.....	1,238 70
July 1, 1904.....	1,393 66
January 20, 1904, Extra Dividend.....	2,385 00
July 1, 1904.....	1,398 01
January 1, 1905.....	1,406 27
	\$14,450 75

We Offer:

1. A safe investment for savings.
2. An inducement to save.

For information, address
JAY COOKE HOWARD, Sec'y, Duluth, Minn.

CYKO Photo Paper

Prints at Night

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 20c. for one dozen 4 x 5 size with developer.

THE GALLAUDET MEMORIAL.

It is proposed to create a memorial to the late Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., by the erection of a Parish Building for St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. The present Church is situated on 148th Street, just west of Amsterdam Avenue, and is built some twenty-five feet back from the line of the street to permit the erection of such a building as above indicated, which will form a facade to the church edifice and be a center of religious and social life amongst the silent peoples. Dr. Gallaudet hoped during his lifetime to see the erection of this building, which would have completed the church with which his name has always been associated. This was not permitted, and it is suggested as a most fitting memorial to him that this work be now undertaken. St. Ann's Church is used wholly for the deaf mutes.

The new building will occupy a plot of ground about forty-five feet along the street front and twenty-five feet in depth. It will be three stories in height, with a basement, and will be used for the social, religious and industrial needs of the deaf-mutes of New York. The amount required for "The Gallaudet Memorial Parish Building" will be about \$30,000, and the building itself, in its position and purpose, will form a conspicuous monument to him whose life was devoted to the silent peoples. They themselves heartily endorse the memorial. Subscriptions may be sent to the

HON. THOMAS L. JAMES, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York, N. Y.

COMMITTEE OF ENDORSEMENT.

The Right Rev. Henry C. Potter, D.D., Bishop of New York
The Rev. W. Huntington, D.D., Rector of Grace Church
The Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Rector of St. Bartholomew's Church
The Rev. Ernest M. Sires, D.D., Rector of St. Thomas Church
Mr. Isaac N. Seligman, 36 West 45th Street
Mr. Theodore W. Myers, 21 West 46th Street
Mr. William B. Stiger, 138 West 73d Street
Mr. J. Van Vleet Olcott, 21 West 74 Street
Mr. William G. Davis, 24 East 45th Street
Mr. Henry Lewis Morris, 16 Exchange Place
Mr. James B. Ford, 4 East 4d Street
Mr. John H. Washburn, 119 Broadway
Mr. H. H. Cammann, 51 Liberty Street

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

The Rev. Arthur H. Judge, M.A., Rector of St. Matthew's Parish and St. Ann's Church, 34 West 4th Street
Dr. J. Howard Reed, Junior Warden of St. Matthew's Parish, 10 West 9th Street
The Hon. Thomas L. James, Treasurer, Lincoln National Bank, Forty-second Street, East, New York